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WITH THE HELP OF HIS CUTLASS, JOE REACHES THE COCOA NUTS.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY:

OR, ADVENTURES IN JAMAICA THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XIII.—UP THE COUNTRY.

The freshness of early morning was around us as we rode out of camp on our expedition to the John-crow mountains.

We were followed by Nim, Archy, and Cupid, in a shandridan of antediluvian construction, in No. 410. 1859.

which were our carpet-bags, Spanish hammocks, and blankets. We each carried our guns slung over our shoulders, as Jasper said we should be sure to get a shot at a parrot or a pigeon when we came amongst the hills.

Before going further, I will explain the object of our expedition, which Jasper had unfolded to us the evening before.

The John-crow was one of the Blue Mountain

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range, and supposed to be inaccessible: at all events, the government surveyor had come to that conclusion, for it never had been surveyed: the difficulties of the ascent were, by popular report, insurmountable.

This was quite sufficient to induce three Englishmen, in the heyday of youth and strength, and brimming over with health and spirits, to undertake the enterprise.

The foot of man had never trod the ridge of the John-crow—it was inaccessible—impossible—ha! enough—we would do it; the spell should be broken; we recognised no such word as “impossible” in those days. The plan had been proposed to Jasper by a brother planter, a friend of his, whose plantation was situated in St. Thomas in the East, within a few miles of the foot of the John-crow mountain.

This gentleman's name was Rington; he was fond of adventures in the bush, and by Jasper's account was a wiry, hardy fellow, setting heat and fatigue at defiance.

When Mr. Rington mentioned the plan to Jasper, and he (Jasper) proposed the addition of Harry and myself to the party, he received the following pithy answer:—“If your friends can walk thirty miles a day through the bush, and help to build their own hut at the end of it, let them come by all means; but remember, it will be toughish work, and we can't afford to have any one with us who wants carrying.”

“Wants carrying!” didn't my blood rise to my temples at the bare idea.

As for Harry, he smiled pleasantly, observing “that he hoped he should not want carrying, as he happened to weigh over thirteen stone.”

“I have answered for both of you,” said Jasper. “I told Rington that he would have to walk his best, or he might chance to be beaten.”

Jasper also informed us that the ridge of mountain we were bent upon exploring had received its soubriquet from the quantity of “John-crows,” *alias* turkey-buzzards, which inhabited that region.

Born and reared amidst the forest fastnesses on the mountain-side, these aerial scavengers would sit on their lofty, lonely perch for hours and hours, scanning the plain beneath with piercing, far-seeing gaze; but more of these anon: suffice it to say that the first time I ever saw one of those birds, I took him for a wild turkey; he has very much the same shape and the same plumage—a long body, with rusty-black feathers, and a regular old gobbler's neck, bare and bloody-looking, with its great knobs of red fleshy protuberances; these are, however, characteristics of the vulture as well as the turkey, to the former of which genus the turkey-buzzard, I imagine, properly belongs.

I did not shoot the fellow I first saw, which was lucky, as there is a fine for destroying one of those most useful and most disgusting scavengers in Jamaica.

The mists were rising from the low grounds, and the sun was just gilding the tops of the highest houses and the church spires in Kingston, as we turned into the low bush, which almost skirted the parade ground at camp.

We cantered merrily along; the sweet breath of morning, laden with perfume, gently fanned our faces as we rode. O ye tropical mornings, so full of sweet repose, yet of vigorous life, how fresh, how lovely, how invigorating ye are! Even as I write, far, far away from the bush and the mountain stream, from the lofty palms and the flowering shrubs, the perfumed breath is in my nostrils, the shrill cry of the wild guinea-fowl is in my ears! Awake, old man, and continue thy tale. We approached the botanical gardens, which were of great extent, and filled with rare plants—rare indeed they had need to be, otherwise why such care in their culture here? We were trampling under-foot, as we galloped along, exotics of no mean pretensions—flowers and plants which the Chatsworth gardener would have cried to have seen so crushed.

And now we leave the *terra caliente*, and begin to ascend. The air becomes fresher, the road rougher, the scenery grander. On our left, St. Katharine's Peak rises high into the heavens, and is seen blue and misty over the tops of the lofty trees, and the rugged, broken ground through which we are slowly winding our upward course; but nothing lower than the Peak of St. Katharine is visible in the distance. We are in a narrow gorge, or “gully,” in island phraseology. Such a jumbling and tossing and tumbling of rocks and roots I never before beheld! Everything was in the wildest, the most picturesque confusion—wild but not savage, for the luxuriance of vegetation was there, from the creeping, crawling wild vine, to the lofty palm, the majestic mahogany, the gigantic cotton tree. A mountain stream brawled at our feet, flocks of pigeons continually crossed our path: higher and higher we ascended. St. Katharine's gap will soon be gained.

“Look out,” cried Harry, during a temporary lull from exhaustion; “hold hard a bit, you two; some bald-pates are coming this way: we may get a shot.”

We looked a-head: sure enough a flock of pigeons were sailing over our heads, but they were out of shot. Fine fellows they were, with their white heads and dark bodies. The bald-pate is, I believe, the biggest pigeon in Jamaica, though not the fattest—not the fellow who bursts when he falls: that is the ring-tail, the most delicious of birds.

A few straggling bald-pates followed the flock: they flew rather lower, almost within shot. “Ha! that fellow is within shot, I'm sure.” In an instant I dropped the reins, the gun was at my shoulder, the bird was crossing our path at an acute right angle, and I had to turn considerably in my saddle to cover him; but I managed to do so. I was a good shot, and felt sure of him. I pulled the trigger. Long and loud were the reverberations over mountain and glen, and long and loud were the shouts of laughter from Harry and Jasper, to all of which sounds of mirth I complacently listened, as I lay on the broad of my back within five inches of a prickly pear-bush.

“Where's the bald-pate?” I asked, as soon as I could make myself heard.

“At St. Katharine's Peak by this time,” laughed Harry. “Oh Brook! if you had only seen your-

self, flying through the air with your gun to your shoulder! ha! ha! ha! It was too ridiculous. You are not hurt, are you?"

"Do you mean to say that I missed the pigeon?"

"You missed the pigeon; and, what's more, you missed the prickly pears, though not by much; but you held on to your gun, and that's something."

"Well, I wouldn't have been tossed into that prickly pear-bush for fifty pounds; I should have been flayed alive. Look, I have had a taste of it."

I bared my left arm, which had come in contact with the strong sharp spikes of the cactus plant. My shirt sleeve, from the wristband to the elbow, was dabbled with blood.

"I hope none of the spikes are broken into your arm: they will inflame it very much if they have," said Jasper.

Upon examination, it was decided that they had not; but my arm began to smart and to feel very hot and feverish already.

"Here's what will set you to rights," said Jasper, who had disappeared in the bush.

He held a broad green leaf in his hand.

"What have you got there, Jasper?" I asked.

"A plantain leaf: the finest thing to cool the skin, and keep down inflammation."

Those of my readers who are not conversant with tropical vegetation, may haply smile at the picture here presented to them of Jasper approaching, leaf in hand, to the rescue. Surely I must mean a bough, or at least a handful of leaves.

Not at all, dear reader; one leaf, and that by no means a large one of its kind, being less than two feet in length, and scarcely as much as a third that size in breadth, was carefully wrapped by the friendly Jasper round my arm. The touch of the smooth cool leaf was delightful; like ice to a burning brow, it soothed the throbbing, and subdued the heat caused by the irritating prickles, almost immediately.

And now we are mounted and off again. A few more turnings in the winding road brought us to "the gap;" a cleft in the mountains, which at a distance had looked like a tunnel, so overshadowed was it with lofty trees, with the clear sky visible through the narrow opening. It was a curious place, St. Katharine's Gap, and must have been originally formed by some convulsion of nature. It was at the extreme summit of the ridge, and when we had passed through, a splendid panorama burst upon our sight.

The Vale of Bath lay stretched before us—a small but sweetly beautiful and highly cultivated valley, rich with sugar plantations and Indian corn-fields; amidst which groves of cocoa-nut trees, groups of bamboos, and here and there the gigantic cotton tree, added grace and grandeur to the scene. Almost at our feet the picturesque little town of Bath nestled amidst the profusion of vegetable life which overshadowed its white, glittering, shingle* roofs. Away in the distance, the Plantain Garden river glimmered amidst like fields of fertility. A range of the Blue Mountains bounded the view to the left, whilst a succession of steep declivities, more or

less wooded, and more or less rocky, led down to beautiful Bath.

"So this is St. Thomas in the East," I said.

"It is," replied Jasper: "how do you like it?"

"Like it! it's lovely—perfectly lovely: what a pity that Yellow Jack* should inhabit such a beautiful land."

This was not a pleasant thought to dwell upon, nor was there time for it, our attention being fixed by Jasper calling out, "Just look at those aloes."

We had been descending rapidly, though proceeding but slowly, and the bush had given place to glades and glens and grassy slopes; the larger trees still abounded, but the brush-wood was not so thick; in the more open spaces were many different species of the cactus. Foremost of all was the aloe, that plant which is said to bloom once in a hundred years in England.

We had just turned an abrupt angle in the road; I followed Jasper's finger with my eyes; I could scarcely believe the sight they revealed. The whole hill-side as far as I could see was covered with aloes; they were to be numbered, not by dozens but by hundreds, ay, and for aught I know to the contrary, by thousands! Of all sizes—of all ages, from the infant aloe of ten inches to the full grown aloe of twice as many feet—there they were, dotted over the whole face of the hill. In every stage of vegetation they might be seen; some with leaves only, a short thick stem just bursting upwards; others with the stem fully developed, but with only closed buds on the top; then again, the aloe in its full pride and glory meets my wondering gaze; its long and deeply serrated leaves protecting a stem which rises twenty feet into the air, with a mass of golden flower six feet in length crowning the summit, whilst strewn all around lay the *débris* of decaying aloes, withered and gone. They, too, had bloomed and blossomed, flourished and faded, but well was their place supplied.

It was a wonderful, a magnificent sight! I looked at Harry. "Have you ever seen anything like this before?" I asked. "No, he never had." I was glad of it: I was beginning to think there was nothing new left for him to see.

"No," he said, "I have seen many an aloe, singly and by twos and threes, but never a forest of aloes before; never anything like this; it is perfectly splendid!"

"Do you see those little green birds, hovering about the blossoms?" said Jasper. "They are called 'grass-birds,' and are always to be met with amongst the aloes."

"Ah! I see; what crowds of them there are; and how small they are, and how thirsty; do look how they swarm round that monster aloe!"

Some one proposed that we should dismount and take a nearer view of these flowery giants and feathery pigmies. Agreed. We tied our horses to a friendly shrub, and entered the cactus forest, for so in truth it might be called. For a couple of hours or more we wandered up and down upon that hill-side; and scorching work it was, for here was little or no shade; the aloe is a sort of vegetable salamander, rejoicing in heat, flourishing best

* Shingles are wooden tiles, the only description of tiles I ever saw used in the West Indies.

* The popular name for yellow fever.

in the fierce embrace of the fiery tropical sun, unsheltered and unshaded by rock or tree. No wide spreading bombax,* no stately mahogany tree, no *lignum vitæ* tree with its rough dark trunk and blue blossoms, cast their shadows across that burning hill-side. Stunted bushes there were, creepers there were, but nought save the aloe raised its haughty crest into the quivering, simmering atmosphere, in the full blaze of the scorching mid-day sun.

The tongue of flame which shrivelled up the herbage and cracked the ground o'er which we walked, seemed but to refresh the golden blossoms of the prolific aloe. She bared her breast, she opened her lips to the fiery stream of life and strength; her succulent stem and moist fleshy leaves swelled, and grew and flourished in nature's furnace, bubbling and boiling into blossom—into grand, gorgeous, golden blossom. It was a marvellous sight! and as we led our horses down the road towards Bath, I thought of those lines:

"As the sun-flower turns on her god when he sets
The same look which he turn'd when he rose."

"Surely," thought I, "the aloe is the sun-flower of the tropics."

"Well, I wouldn't be an aloe for something!" said Harry, as he threw himself down at full length under a group of bamboos, which bent their tall graceful heads over the road.

"Nor I," said Jasper; "I'd rather be a butterfly. Oh dear, how hot it is."

"I am beginning to understand the meaning of the word thirsty," I observed, as I flung myself by the side of my companions. "I thought I had experienced thirst at home, but I find it was only the preface to the feeling; this is the great fact itself; oh! for a running stream!"

"There is something better up there, if we could only get it," said Jasper.

He pointed to some cocoa-nut trees opposite.

"Up there! the cocoa-nuts, do you mean? Faugh! nasty, sweet, mawkish stuff: I hate cocoa-nut milk."

"So do I—ripe cocoa-nut milk—English dessert cocoa-nut milk; but there is a draught up there worth its weight in gold if we could only get it."

"We had better vote it sour, for it's foxes' grapes to us, I expect," said Harry.

"I am afraid so, unless some negro should happen to make his appearance."

"A negro! what good could he do?" I asked.

"Get us the cocoa-nuts."

"Get us the cocoa-nuts—how? Climb the tree, I suppose?"

"Exactly so; though you speak ironically, you have stumbled upon the truth, my boy—he'd climb the tree."

I looked at Jasper—then at Harry: they were both laughing, but whether at my ignorance or incredulity, I could not make out.

"That tree"—I pointed to the one on which there were several cocoa-nuts—"is fully forty feet high, without a branch to hold on by, and with a stem as slippery as grass; and do you pretend to say that

a negro could climb it? a monkey might, but nothing else."

"A negro might, and a negro will, too, I hope, for here comes one. Hullo, you! Whose trees are those, my man? do you happen to know?"

"Dem Massa Rington tree, sa—will Massa Jasper hab drink? how d'y massa? how Missy Jasper? how Missy Mary? hope all berry well."

"Why, Joe! is it you? sure enough so it is! the sun has blinded me, I believe. Thank you, we are all flourishing at Running Water; how's your master, and where is he?"

"Massa berry well, sa, tankee; he in de town waitin' for massa."

"Oh! he is in Bath, is he? that's right, Joe; get us a cocoa-nut, there's a good fellow."

Joe had taken off his striped linen jacket, and was rolling his shirt-sleeves over his elbows, displaying a brawny, muscular arm, as black and apparently as hard as ebony. He then stooped down and rolled his osnaburgs* over his knees. Again I was struck with the strong muscular appearance of the man; but still, notwithstanding the bone and muscle, and general look of strength and agility, how he ever was to reach the cocoa-nuts, forty or fifty feet (Jasper said they were fifty feet) above his head, on the top of that shining, slippery column, was a mystery to me.

It was not long so.

Joe tightened his waist-belt, from which his cane-cutting bill-hook, hatchet, or cutlass (it was most like the latter) was suspended. A negro is seldom without his cutlass, with which he chops yams, cuts canes, and hews trees indiscriminately. Then, throwing his straw hat on the ground, he drew his cutlass and made two rapid cuts, one up, the other down, in the soft, succulent, cocoa-nut tree, about four feet from the ground. A deep notch was the consequence of these blows: he then clasped the stem in his arms as high as he could reach, having first placed the cutlass between his teeth, and then he drew himself up by his sinewy arms, bending his legs under him till his feet touched the notch. Into this he firmly stuck his toes. This extra support enabled him to let go with one hand, to take the cutlass from between his teeth, and to inflict another deep gash in the yielding stem, about four feet higher; replacing the cutlass in his mouth, he raised himself upright, sliding his hands up the trunk, and still supported by the first cut: he then firmly seized hold of the stem again, as high as he could reach, and, as before, drew his body up and bent his legs under him till he had safely lodged his great, flat, adhesive toes in cut No. 2. And thus he continued cutting, and clinging, and dragging, till, in an incredibly short space of time, he was amongst the cocoa-nuts on the top of the tree. It was certainly the cleverest specimen of climbing I had ever witnessed.

A couple of cocoa-nuts were soon dislodged and at our feet, and before my astonishment at this extraordinary performance had at all subsided, Joe had come down "by the run," and was busily at work tearing the thick stringy green husks from

* Cotton-tree.

* A species of coarse duck in general use for Negro garments.

the nuts. As soon as he had laid about a fourth of the shell bare, he up with his cutlass, and sliced the top off, as quick and as clean as you would slice off the top of an orange with a razor.

"Now then, Brook, take a pull at that, and apologize for your slander of cocoa-nut milk if you're a man."

So spoke Jasper; and with willing obedience I clutched the rough and uncouth-looking goblet, raised it to my lips, and drank. Oh, how can I describe that draught, that ice-cold, fragrant, delicious draught! Words are utterly powerless; he alone who, like me, has felt the thirst, the heat, the exhaustion produced by exposure to a scorching tropical sun, and who would, like me, have gladly, joyfully, greedily slaked his thirst at a puddle of warm water if he could have found one—he alone, I say, can appreciate the exquisite delight which I experienced as I poured that pure, cool, refreshing liquid down my parched and burning throat.

"Ah!" I heaved a deep sigh, drew a long breath, and handed my shaggy cup to Jasper.

The other, already decapitated, was glued to the lips of Harry Holt.

We rose up like giants refreshed, and under Joe's guidance soon reached our destination.

Mr. Rington received us at the inn door, and glad enough we were to have a roof between the blazing sun and our aching heads.

No longer hot and dusty, no longer hungry and thirsty, but cool and comfortable, our appetite appeased and our curiosity raised, we sat in the broad airy verandah of the inn, sipping our sangaree, inhaling the fragrance of our havannahs, and listening to Mr. Rington's account of what was to be done on the morrow.

A spare, sunburnt, wiry-looking man was Mr. Rington; he had been ten years in Jamaica and had never had a day's illness—never had a headache. He was out in all weathers, in sunshine and in rain. At mid-day or at midnight, it was all one to Mat Rington; if his business or his pleasure called him forth—forth he went.

Mat Rington's hobby was exploring. Was there a morass or a lagoon which, from its pestilential nature or unapproachable position, no one had ever explored, he would explore it. Was there an inaccessible rock or ridge, which no one had ever scaled, he would climb it. Our present expedition was, as I have before stated, undertaken at Mat Rington's instigation, and was a fine example of the mania for exploring unknown regions, which animates that class of individuals whom nature has made to keep up the stock of travellers and explorers. Mat Rington had been sent out to Jamaica by his father, at the age of twenty-five years, to look after his estates, and more especially to look after the overseer, who was mismanaging them. Mat dismissed the overseer a week after his arrival at Golden Grove, and appointed himself to the vacant post. From that date the two estates (one a sugar, the other a coffee plantation) thrived in a remarkable manner: Golden Grove, which, under the fostering care of Mr. Driver, had become an ironical appellation, once more attested its right to its name. Situated in the midst of the fertile Vale of Bath,

watered by the never-failing streams of Plantain Garden river, Golden Grove was one of the richest sugar plantations in St. Thomas in the East.

In vain did Mathew Rington the elder waste sheet upon sheet in the endeavour to persuade his son to return to England. In vain did he dilate upon the horrors of yellow fever, the baleful effect of the fierce tropical sun, of the heavy night dews, of the pestiferous exhalations, the fetid miasma ever and ever arising from that hotbed of decaying vegetable matter, yecept Jamaica. Young Mat laughed to scorn the timid wisdom of his anxious parent. In his own mind he attached no importance to his father's fears; but he wrote to allay those fears, a letter full of affectionate thanks, and confident anticipations. "If there was yellow fever in the island—which he did not deny—there was no such thing as consumption, influenza, or gout, no, nor cholera either; for his part, he considered Jamaica a remarkably healthy place—remarkably healthy; the sun warmed him, the dews cooled him, and as for the miasma and all the rest of it, he never saw it, or felt it, or knew what it meant." Alas! Mathew Rington the elder never received that instructive and convincing epistle; he died of cholera before its arrival, in the good town of York, one of the first victims to that fell disease.

The death of his father removed the only obstacle to young Mat's continued sojourn in Jamaica; he sold his English possessions, and from that moment became in heart, in body and mind, a planter. But he was more, far more than a planter; he was a naturalist, a botanist, and a sportsman; and was enthusiastically fond of all the birds, beasts, reptiles, trees, shrubs, plants, and flowers between the Palisades and Blue Mountain Peak.

MEN I HAVE KNOWN.

II.—GEORGE CANNING.

SOCIETY entertains many senseless prejudices, and is much moved by opinions neither just nor generous. An Irish gentleman of good family married an accomplished girl of inferior station, and was in resentment *cut* (to use an odious expression) by his wealthier and aristocratic relations. He sought to redeem his fortunes in the grand mart for human exertion—London: attempted the dull bar, so sterile of early produce; forsook it for literature, a still emptier sound—for no one ever asserted that literature was a profitable trade, or suspected an author of money; ventured into commerce, and, as might be anticipated, failed and died. His widow was left without a provision, and with an only son of a year old. She was left to make the best shift she could by her own unassisted efforts, while the child was taken by his father's friends, well cared for, and educated at Hyde School, Winchester, and Eton.

Classic attainments, wit, and poetry, already heralded his future fame; and he went to Oxford, in whose neither deep solitudes nor awful cells his lively genius was farther developed, and his juvenile reputation rose high above contemporary competition, where it would have been no mean

distinction to achieve a place in the second rank. Gifted with rare talents and a glowing imagination, he was at the same time studious and brilliant, profound and graceful, devotedly diligent and playfully easy. It was a problem to estimate his qualities and character; for, as the light illumed his various phases, he might be conceived to be the solid thinker, the accomplished scholar, the witty humourist, the acute observer, or (imbued with all) the "commencing" student, resolutely bent on mastering the oracles of wisdom and truth to guide him to the highest pinnacle of human ambition. Through the University he passed with increasing *éclat* and accumulating promise. Rising men of all classes courted his fellowship, and the observant (for he had made himself the observed of all observers), earnestly engaged in political movements or national government, began to speculate on the importance of such an ally, the services so gifted an individual might render to their cause, and the value of his co-operation in the administration of public affairs. A potent minister speedily brought him into parliament, and under the most auspicious influences he began his career as a statesman.

In every age, and over every people, oratory has exercised a wonderful, an almost boundless power. To lead an army to victory, to convert a country to the truth, to inspire a crusade to deliver a people from slavery, to quell a mutiny, to denounce and overthrow oppression, to confront and confound wrong, to persuade to wisdom and virtue, the single voice of a single man has often been raised with an efficacy nearly omnipotent. The senate of England, in our age, is unquestionably the most conspicuous field for the demonstration of this "faculty divine," where it is most severely tried, and where, in its highest attributes, it is crowned by the most important victories. Without eloquence for their exhibition, the most sterling abilities encounter drawback and fail to be justly appreciated; with it, far slighter talents recommend themselves to hearing, favourably colour argument, and often obtain an estimation for the possessor disproportioned to the real merits of the conditions. In the instance before us, where the noblest intelligence and the most splendid eloquence were equally at command, the race to the goal was admirable and the triumph dazzling. Yet, let it not for a moment be imagined that it was run without the strain of prodigious toil and unflagging effort. The break of morn and the midnight lamp witnessed many a wearisome labour, as onerous successive offices and ever augmenting responsibilities called forth the utmost energy of the arduous politician and unsurpassed orator. And there were also anxieties to be endured, and crosses to be met, and obstacles to be surmounted, and enemies to be defeated; but grandeur of purpose and patriotic enthusiasm overcame them all. How much his country owes to his life-devotedness to her dearest interests, future history will tell.

Nature was lavish in her bounties to him, and, placing his fine mind in a dwelling worthy of its beauty, "gave the world assurance of a man" upon

whose like it may be long before we look again. His person was handsome, and his countenance the mirror of his mind. A brow of lofty capacity crowned the well-formed features, which varied in expression with every passing emotion. In manners simple, in sentiments chivalrous, diffident even to the extent of shyness, of extreme sensibility (which would flash out like the blush of an ingenuous boy), captivating in wit, yet exquisitely keen, in private intercourse loveable, and in conducting the affairs of his country, enlightened, energetic, straightforward; his speeches and his communications with foreign states will for ever remain models of pure English language and genuine English feelings. As true a lover of his native land as ever lived, after a brief experience of the aggravated struggle to which his elevation to the highest place in her counsels exposed him, he died, in the full blaze of his usefulness and honours, a martyr in her cause. It was a momentous crisis, and Great Britain, as with one voice, united in deploring the heaviest loss she almost ever sustained in an individual—that of her prime minister, George Canning.

In this outline of a fine national character, allusion has been made to the "chivalrous sentiments" which formed a part in its composition; but the observant student of the "noblest study of mankind" might farther perceive that chivalry was a predominating influence which, as it were, modified, if it did not rule, all the rest. To this principle may be traced his conduct throughout the whole miserable career of the Princess of Wales. The ebullient vivacity and disregard of prudential reserve, which contributed so much to the married infelicity of that unhappy lady, (and might justly be ascribed to her erroneous foreign education, combined with naturally high spirit,) brought Canning to her side when first her grave misfortunes began. The blunt carelessness of consequences which gave offence elsewhere, could not estrange him from the cause of the woman; and pity for her sad fate (struck, in the midst of deceitful splendours and dangerous indulgence, in what, in her position, were colloquial indiscretions) made Canning her true knight. A striking illustration of this is related by Mr. Jerdan, in his autobiography. When shown into a room at Gloucester Lodge, while Mr. Canning was conducting the princess to her carriage, both in palpable agitation, he happened to rest his arm upon the mantelpiece, when the minister returning, and noticing his situation, exclaimed, with extreme excitement, "Beware, sir, what you do: your arm is bathing in the tears of a princess!" A fact, for her Royal Highness had been weeping plenteously over the marble, on coming to the painful resolution to leave England and travel, to escape from the evils which beset her on every hand. And on her last great trial, Mr. Canning still threw his shield over her pitiable destiny, and resigned office rather than take a part against one whom he had struggled for, but could not save.

But other traits marked his exalted and toiling life. The relaxations at Gloucester Lodge were sometimes almost boyish. One evening, an un-

known pastime was suggested. It consisted in the discovery of anything imagined by one of the party, by putting to him a certain number, say ten questions. Canning entered into the sport with juvenile alacrity, and before it closed, had got to such a pitch of acuteness in his method, that Ghost, Moonlight, Shadow, Abstract Idea, etc. yielded to his inquiry, before he had got beyond the sixth or seventh query. There was much laughter in nearing the goal; and a clever counsel might have learnt something towards success in cross-examination, from the genius displayed in this leisure hour of a statesman.

ANCESTRAL SKULLS.

NOTES ON A REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF HUMAN BONES IN THE CRYPT OF HYTHE CHURCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY."

ABOUT four miles from Folkestone, in Kent, is situated the town of Hythe, now celebrated for the school of musketry established on a long range of sea-beach close by. On our journey thither from Folkestone, according to our usual custom, we inquired of the omnibus driver whether there was "anything curious" to be seen at Hythe.

"Why, yes sir, I've heard say that there is a wonderful sight of Christians' bones in the church crypt; some of the regular old-fashioned sort of bones, sir, all stacked in a row like fire-wood for burning at Christmas time."

The moment the omnibus pulled up at the White Hart, we hunted up the parish clerk, who confirmed the driver's story, and obligingly walked up to the church, (Saint Leonard,) with his bunch of big keys in his hand.

The crypt is situated at the east end of the church, but is not below the level of the earth. When our guide opened the ponderous oak doors, we saw what I am now enabled to represent to the reader in the accompanying engraving*—an immense stack of human bones, piled up in regular order, and evidently with the care always due to the sacred remains of our fellow creatures. The walls of the pile are formed by the rounded ends of arm and leg bones, while every here and there a skull is built into the stack; and these emblems of mortality grin a ghastly grin at the astonished visitor, before his eyes are quite accustomed to the sudden change from the bright sun-light outside.

The history of these bones is very remarkable. They are all that is now left of an army of our forefathers, the good old Anglo-Britons, and of a horde of savage, barbarous, invading Danes; the bones of deadly foes now lie mixed together, and those that one thousand and sixteen years ago were opposed in deadly strife, have yielded alike to the all-conquering arm of Death, and silently repose, gradually crumbling into the dust from whence they were taken. There is a framed placard upon the wall of the crypt, which in the following words tells us the particulars relative to this curious collection:—"In the reign of Ethelwolf, A. D. 843, the Danes landed in Kent, near to Hytha (Hythe); they pro-

ceeded as far as Canterbury, a great part of which they burnt. At length Gustavus, then governour of Kent, raised a considerable force to oppose their progress, and after an engagement, in which the Danes were defeated, he pursued them to their shipping on the sea-coast, where they made an obstinate resistance. The Britons, however, were victorious; the slaughter was prodigious, not less than thirty thousand (?) being left dead on the field. After the battle, the Britons, wearied with fatigue, and perhaps shocked with the slaughter, returned to their homes, leaving the slain on the field of battle, where, being exposed to different changes of the weather, the flesh rotted from the bones, which were afterwards collected and piled in heaps by the inhabitants, who, in time, removed them to the vaults of one of the churches at Hytha, now Hythe. This is supposed to be the only genuine description, and is extracted from a very ancient history of Great Britain."

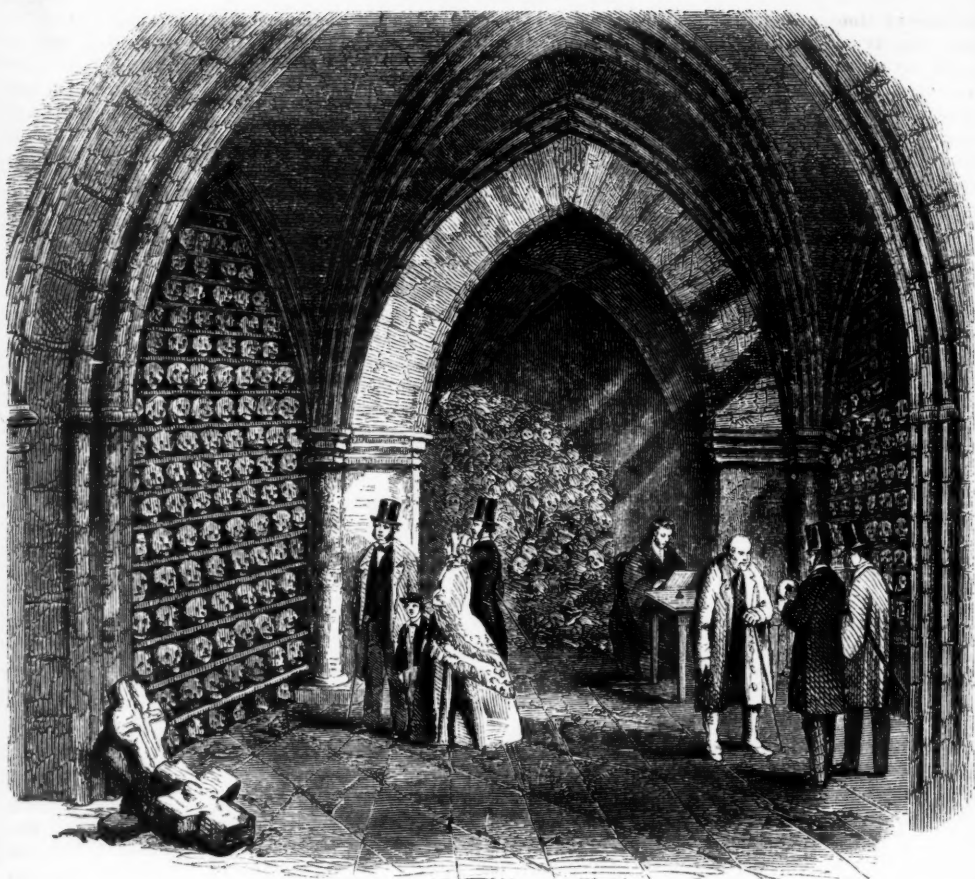
Mr. Tournay informed us that the bones used to lie scattered in disorder, till about twenty years ago, when they were arranged in the present decent order.

This great battle of Hythe was fought on the sea-shore, which just here is very level, and for this purpose has been chosen for rifle practice. There is a considerable range of hills about half a mile from the sea, and a better locality for a battle-field I never saw. A short time ago a sham battle between the regiments stationed at Shorncliff camp took place, under the inspection of H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, near the very spot where the bones were found, and served to realize to the present inhabitants of Hythe the ancient strife between their forefathers and the Danes. The house of the present mayor of Hythe is built upon part of this battle-field, and in digging the foundations of the house many bones were discovered, whence the name now given to this house, which is more expressive than classical, viz. Marrow-bone Hall.

On each side of the door of the crypt are arranged on shelves, rows of skulls, about two hundred and fifty on each side. (In the great heap there must be the remains of at least two thousand individuals.) The skulls on the shelves were loose, and could easily be examined; they are the skulls of Ancient Britons and of Danes, and the distinction between them is well marked. The skulls of the Britons are those of persons who in life must have been noble-looking fellows. They are much rounded, high at the top, broad at the forehead, presenting a cavity that must have contained a large and intellectual brain. The brows are large and well-formed, the cheek-bones massive, and the jaws powerful, but by no means brutish. One of these heads is placed on the table, and is much polished by the handling of visitors. It must have belonged to a chieftain; as courage, stern determination, and firmness, are all prominent in its form. A finer specimen of a well-developed human skull we never beheld; and the visitor need but examine the shelves to find many others equally well developed.

The Danish heads are of quite a different shape:

* I am much indebted to Mr. W. Tournay, builder, and clerk of the church, for the loan of a photograph (the only one he had).



they are long and narrow; the face must have been small, and, if I mistake not, the eyes in life diminutive, and rather sunk into the head; the jaws project downwards and forwards, as we see in many savages of the present day. Upon one of these skulls we actually found some short hair still remaining, which, when examined with a glass, we found to be of a red fox-like colour, and undoubtedly Danish, for even now the Danes are a red-haired race.

The teeth remaining in the skulls are in excellent order; and we observed but very few symptoms of disease about them, so that tooth-ache could not have been common in those days—a very different state of things from what we find among soldiers of the present day. The teeth of the Ancient Britons were worn away, from the summit downwards, like the teeth of aged herbivorous animals. I have observed this trait very commonly in the skulls of these ancient people, and imagine it to proceed from the fact that their food was principally hard peas, beans, etc., which wore the teeth down like mill-stones.

The skulls were mostly those of adults: even in those days they had for the most part only able-bodied men for soldiers: only one skull of an old man did I find, though, alas! three skulls of boys,

about twelve years of age. Two of these were British, and two Danish. Might not these be the skulls of the drummer boys of the camp? If they had not drums in those days, they might have had something analogous to drums; or these boys might have acted as assistants to carry the men's spears, weapons, or provisions.

The fighting in those days must have been regular hand-to-hand, downright fighting, for upon many of the skulls we found wounds, particularly about the forehead and sides of the head. In a medico-legal point of view, we could assert that these wounds had been inflicted by some heavy, but not over-sharp weapon, such as these warriors of ancient days were likely to have used. Some of these weapons were found with the bones, but I was not fortunate enough to obtain a view of them. One of the skulls presented a depressed hole in the forehead, which might have been made with a round stone from a sling; for the sling was used in those times, before the invention of guns and cannon, and a very formidable weapon it was in ancient warfare, as we may learn from several passages in sacred writ.

The arm, leg, and other bones were those of persons in full health of body at the time of death. Only one bone did we find that at all approached

to a diseased state, and that was the tibia or shin bone of a bandy-legged person. Perhaps his bandy legs did not allow him to run away fast enough, and so he got killed in the general *mêlée*.

Most of these bones were in excellent preservation, and they must have formed the frames of exceedingly muscular and powerful persons, for the points where the muscles were inserted are very prominent and roughened, which is always the case in those who lead a life of severe bodily labour. There must have been some very tall men who fell in this memorable battle, for one of the thigh bones which we measured must have supported a frame nearly seven feet high. These giant bones are rare compared to numerous shorter bones; but still we believe that the former inhabitants of this island, judging from their bones, must have been taller and more athletic than the majority of its inhabitants at the present day. There is a notice in the crypt, "Please do not write upon the skulls;" but we do not consider this a sufficient intimation why we should not write *about* the skulls, for the benefit of those who take interest in matters relating to the history of the ancient inhabitants of this island.

THE MONTHS IN THE COUNTRY.

NOVEMBER.

"The dead leaves strew the forest walk,
And withered are the pale wild flowers;
The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,
The dew-drops fall in frozen showers;
Gone are the Spring's green sprouting bowers,
Gone Summer's rich and mantling vines,
And Autumn, with her yellow hours,
O'er hill and plain no longer shines."

BRAINARD.

STRIVE to delude ourselves as we may, whatever be the aspect under which November makes its first appearance, we are compelled to adopt the conclusion that Summer is gone dead, that Autumn is in the throes of dissolution, and that stern Winter is rapidly advancing in the background, to take possession of his "throne of hills, his robe of clouds, and diadem of snow," and to

"Reign triumphant o'er the conquer'd year."

Perhaps there is a short reprieve during the first few days of the month; the mild October weather may hold its ground even for the first week of the new month, if the southern gales continue; but soon the fierce north wind begins to blow, and masses of dark, leaden-coloured clouds, rising duskily over the horizon, canopy the whole sky, and cast a universal shade upon the landscape, which lies wrapped in one grey hue, covering the far hills like a blanket. Now there is a mighty roaring in the forest, where the red leaves, rent from the shivering branches, are madly whirled in a flaky shower, and the dim wintry daylight, penetrating the shadiest haunts, reveals a picture of nakedness, desolation, and decay.

"There is a fearful spirit busy now;
Already have the elements unfurl'd;
Their banners; the great sea-wave is up-curl'd;
The cloud comes; the fierce winds begin to blow

About, and wildly on their errands go;
And quickly will the pale red leaves be hurl'd
From the dry boughs, and all the forest world,
Stripp'd of its pride, be like a desert show.

"I love the moaning music which I hear
In the bleak gusts of Autumn, for the soul
Seems gathering tidings from another sphere,
And in sublime mysterious sympathy
Man's bounding spirit ebbs and swells more high,
Accordant to the billow's loftier roll."

The soil is now almost knee-deep in the drift of withered leaves; the poor little birds are scattering about amidst the naked underwood and bare brambles, hungry for food and anxious for shelter, now and then giving utterance to a shrill, sharp cry, as they forage alone; now huddling together in companies on the leeward side of a fence, or in the recesses of some old oak which still stubbornly refuses to surrender its foliage to the blast. And now the north wind veers a little to the west, and brings a tempest of cold, piercing, drenching rain, which in a few days soddens the whole face of nature, converts the very pastures into a marsh, and makes veritable canals of half the cross-roads and lanes in the country. Gradually the rivers and streams put on an angry, surly, threatening, mud-brown face, flecked with big round gouts of whitest foam as they heave and swirl madly onwards, and, rising above the level of the banks, flood the low-lands and meadows, and sometimes bury whole flocks in a watery grave. We have seen the dark brown flood covering whole districts for many miles in extent, keeping the land submerged the whole winter through, owing to the sudden onset of November floods, and the bursting of some dyke which neglect had suffered to fall into disrepair. Not long ago, at the base of the Malvern range, a hundred fine sheep, safely penned the night before, were found drowned in their inclosure when the morning broke.

All over England, and indeed throughout the whole of the British soil, a characteristic migration sets in during this month, from the country to the town. It is not merely to the gentry, who can afford to bid adieu to the gloom of a country life in winter, and move by thousands from their rural mansions to their houses in town, that we allude; 'ut to the tens and hundreds of thousands who cannot afford it, and who, driven by necessity, swarm into the towns during winter, led by an instinct somewhat analogous to that of the hibernating animals who lurk in holes from the inclemencies of the season. This vast nomad tribe comprises a variety of vagabonds whom it would be difficult to classify. There always have been, and probably there always will be, a numerous race to whom the charms of a wandering life have more attractions than any settled occupation, however profitable, which could be offered them, and whom nothing short of the soddening and freezing rigours of such a winter as ours would confine even for a season to a single spot. All the summer through these wayfarers range the country on every side, picking up a living nobody knows how, and putting a cheerful weather-beaten face upon every hardship; content, and more than content, with the compensations derivable to beings of their temperament, from the sense of freedom, the perhaps unconscious

enjoyment of the beauties and influences of nature, and the feeling of independence, though it be but a beggarly independence after all. Society does not look upon this section of self-exiles from its pale very favourably, and, to say the truth, has no great reason to be proud of them. Many of them, alas! are at continual feud with society, and live by petty rapine and small plunder; while not a few of them are ingrained rogues and scoundrels, roaming from one end of the land to the other in search of prey. The great mass of them, however, are traders, artificers, or professionals of some kind or other, avowedly willing to work when and where work can be got, but practically much more given to levying contributions upon the industrious, under the plea of want of employment, than to contribute by their own industry to the general stock.

It is this last-named class that we meet with in such numbers, all with their faces downward or cityward, when the squalls, the inundations, and the storms of November warn them that the dry gravel-pit, the empty barn, the faggot-house, the hay-rick, or the lee-side of a hedge, will no longer afford them a tolerable shelter. There is now no resort for them but the crowded town or city; trade is comparatively slack in the provinces; the farmers have scarcely employment for their own hands, and the workhouses refuse to take them in: so to the city they go, and there, in the slums and gratuitous refuges, eke out the weary time as they best may. The legion of tramps of all kinds, who thus annually hibernate in London alone, is said to average more than a hundred thousand, and their advent is regularly looked for by the police, to whom they signalize their coming by depredations of various kinds. Numbers of them commit their offences openly, it is said, for the sake of being imprisoned on detection, and thus pass their winter in gaol, at the expense of the community, who, it would seem, is bound to pay for their support in some way or other.

The case of many unfortunate tramps, however, is lamentable and pitiful enough; and we ought not to condemn them for occupying a position into which they have been shifted by circumstances of which we are ourselves daily reaping the advantage. It happens continually, in this age of inventive progress, that the avocations to which numbers of men have been bred and trained become superseded by new improvements and discoveries, and machinery is made to do the work of human hands and heads too. Thus multitudes are thrown out of employ, and cast comparatively useless upon the world, in which they have to make their way. Their only chance of obtaining a subsistence lies in migrating to those parts of the country to which the new improvements have not penetrated, or where, from considerations of capital, they have not yet been adopted. This they do as long as there is any arena at all left for their industry; and thus they acquire wandering habits, which perhaps help to reconcile them to the lot to which, sooner or later, they have to subside. Such a man it was our fortune to encounter last fall, as he was on his way to the metropolis. Though in the last stage of seediness and

dilapidation as to costume, there was something in the quiet expression of his face—in which a meek fortitude had not yet given place to recklessness—that struck us as distinctly opposed to the customary traits of the vagabond. He would not, probably, have spoken had he not observed that we were scanning him rather curiously.

"Hard weather for the road," he said, as he turned his grey eye up towards the mingled rain and sleet.

"Yes; it makes one long to get home to shelter and the fireside."

"Ah! the home and the fireside—it's well for those who have them to go to."

"And your own home is waiting for you, doubtless?"

"I don't know where," he said, in a tone that sounded forlorn, in spite of a loud and forced laugh that jarred with it. After a pause he went on: "I don't call a travellers' lodging a home, nor the workhouse a home, nor yet the public-house, when you can pay for it; and yet, that is the best home I've had this many a day."

"No; they are not home, certainly; but you have friends and kindred?"

"I don't know where," he said again bitterly. "Friends, I suppose I never had, and my kindred are mostly dead—and all are dead to me. Few people care to acknowledge kinship with a man that hasn't a shilling. I'm what respectable people call a houseless vagabond; I'm under no obligation to accept the maxims of society."

"But have you no profession?"

"No; I had once; that is, I had a good trade, which would have found me in a home and comfort; but the clever fellows took that away from me, and now I have none."

"You mean to say that your craft has been superseded by machinery?"

"Yes, that is what I mean; and I and hundreds more are sent to the dogs to make room for the cog-wheels."

"And what do you do for a livelihood now?"

"Anything—but oftenest nothing. This is the 10th of November, and I have been on the tramp ever since the middle of March, working when I could get work, and starving when I could get none. I've worked for farmers and millers, for cattle-drovers, for horse-dealers, for fishermen and market-gardeners. I've made hay, hoed beans, sliced turnips, tended cattle, and reaped corn; cut chaff, loaded dung, picked hops, and drove a cart. In towns, I've turned a grind-stone, stoked engine-fires, run errands, and carried burdens; and when I could get nothing else, I've broke stones in the road to earn from the parish a crust of bread and a bed of straw. I've been out in all weathers, night and day, on the watch for a job; and after eight months of it I am going back to town without a shoe to my foot or a shilling in my pocket."

"And what will you do in town?"

"What I can. If I get any luck, may be I'll hire a steamer and start in the hot tater line. If not, why I must do as I've done before, just shake the castanets in the street and make the best of it."

It is probable that this poor fellow's lot is by no

means singular, and that numbers who, like him, have been pushed into the ruck of supernumeraries by the march of invention, have similar histories to disclose.

Besides the trade tramps and the sturdy rogues and beggars whom November brings to the covert of our cities and towns, there are the gipseys, who at this season will seek the same shelter, and that in large numbers. A good many of these parade their industry in the streets, and manage to live tolerably well on what they earn, and on what their wives can contrive to wheedle from the booby classes, who have recourse to them for revelations of a supernatural kind. An odd fact has lately come to light with regard to these social Ishmaelites, namely, that during their winter sojourn in towns, they now avail themselves of the opportunity of sending their children to school, and secure for them all the education they can.

Another tribe of migrators, perhaps as numerous as any, are the peripatetic showmen and travelling dramatic corps, who at this season generally conclude their country campaigns, and retire into their winter quarters. How they occupy themselves, and what becomes of their numerous and heterogeneous properties during the long recess, we have never been able to ascertain. Certain it is that the "roo-tee-too" of Punch is never heard in the winter season, either in town or country; that the donkey who is warranted to climb the ladder, but never does it, disappears from the streets; that the performing dogs and monkeys withdraw from the popular gaze; and that all those wonderful versions of Shakspeare, which astonish and confound the rural bumpkin on the broad stage of the travelling showman, are hushed into silence: but there is a mystery connected with the history of this whole tribe during the winter, which we must leave to some future investigation to clear up.

If we go down to Tangley in November, we shall find the farm exceedingly quiet, and only a moderate routine of work going forward. The boys and lads will have their fun and their bonfire on Guy Fawkes day, and all the village youth will proceed to the skirts of the wood, to see the Popish conspirator burned in effigy, and will supplement the bonfire with no end of dry boughs and root clumps and furze bushes, for a blaze. Then Dobbs will make them a present of an old tar-barrel, which he has hoarded for the purpose; and the November beacon at Tangley will be seen blazing twenty miles off, as it has been seen any fifth of November these sixty years and more.

The cattle on the farm are now regularly wintered, and fed either within their sheds or in the farm-yard, under careful tendance. The ploughing of the fallows goes on till near the end of the month, by which time they will be done, and the implements carefully put away. After this the day-work will consist of manuring, draining, fencing, and the irrigation of soils that need it. At night the hands will be found gathered round the kitchen fire, amusing themselves with many a song, and tale, and merry jest, while they are busy at the same time in numerous minor industries of practical use, such as mending harness, repairing bolts and fastenings,

making coops for fowls or traps for vermin, cleaning fire-arms, cobbling dog-collars, plaiting whiplashes, mixing and compounding drenches and cattle-medicines, salves, etc. etc.

Mrs. Dobbs now moves her bees into their winter shelter, and keeps a careful eye on the poultry and pigeons, who want especial looking after as to food. In years past, the poultry were better able to take care of themselves at such a season than they are now. Then the threshing was done by the flail, and lasted, off and on, well nigh all the winter, and the fowls grew fat by foraging round the barn door among the flying grain. Now Dobbs has a half-share with the squire in a steam threshing-machine, by the use of which he can extract the grain from a huge rick in half a day, amidst a smother of dust and vapour and bewildered chaff, that is quite portentous to witness; and the old-fashioned thumping and flumping of the swinging flail is no longer heard in the land of Tangley.

Up in the turnip fields, the sheep are nibbling down the tubers as they lie in the ground; and though, to all appearance, they leave a good part of the root sticking in the soil, they make some compensation for that small waste, if it be a waste, by scattering their manure on the land. If the weather is bad, they are driven home, and do none the worse on a diet of hay.

You will not find Nelly Bunce on the farm now; she is off, and Billy is gone with her into the forest to gather firewood, at which she will earn quite as much, by making a property of the storm-sundered boughs and selling them, as she would by day-work; and, in addition, she will lay by a small store of fuel, to boil her kettle and warm her rheumatic limbs. Nelly is not alone in this quest. The neighbourhood of Tangley is well wooded, and the children of the poor do not require much urging on the part of their parents, to be active in storing up fuel for the coming winter, when they will be but too glad to cluster round a cheerful fire. The squire, a kind-hearted man, is liberal in this matter, and, so long as no wanton mischief is done, gives them free warren among the withered wood.

In November all the migratory birds that leave us have left, and the latest of the arrivals, which are the wood-pigeons and the plovers, are come. If at this season the winds should abate, and the sun shine out, it is pleasant to walk once more into the forest, and take a farewell of the scene, before Winter claims it for his own. The cooing of the wood-pigeons is a pleasant sound; and the spectacle of a new race of fresh-blowing primroses, which in most years make their appearance on mossy banks in the hazel groves, is a pleasant sight. It will be a solitary walk, however, and remarkably silent, except for the cooing aloft, and the sharp thud of the woodman's axe, and the thundering of his heavy wain, as the lumber which he has felled goes crashing and thumping down the miry lane. For now a round number of the animals that used to enliven the spot have taken themselves off to their winter retreats. The squirrel no longer flies from bough to bough, but, coiled up in some hollow tree, among his hoard of nuts and mast, feeds and sleeps alternately until the return of spring. The hedge-

hog has burrowed a nest under some bank, and gone to sleep without any provision at all, because if he should happen to wake, which he does not intend to do, and should feel hungry, he can eat anything that comes to hand: the rat, the field-mouse, the badger, and the dormouse, are also gone to bed for three months or so, and even the frog and the lizard have vanished from sight in obedience to the same instinct.

This comparative dumbness that comes over the face of nature is but a prelude to that deeper stillness which shall succeed, when the frost lays his iron fetters upon the streams, and the very murmur of the brooks is hushed to peace. It is remarkable, however, from its suddenness, at the time of the general cessation of out-door labour; and it is far more remarkable now than it was a generation back. Owing to the rise of railways, the turn-pike and cross-roads are now all but deserted in the winter months, and you may frequently travel along for whole miles in districts known to be populous, after the winter season has fairly set in, without so much as catching sight of a single human face. Now and then you hear the rush of some careering train in the distance, and the rapid, impatient crepitation of the engine, but soon the echo dies away. If you should happen to be benighted on your journey, it will be as well to be careful of your route, and to beware of accepting the guidance of any wandering lights; for Mr. Jack o' Lantern is apt to be abroad in November, and to befool the lost traveller with his flitting torch—

"Misleading from the path
To faithless bogs and solid seeming ways,
As lambscently along the links it shines."

BERTHA; OR, SMILES AND TEARS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY MARY HOWITT.

In a house which stood far back in a narrow dirty lane of a large trading town, lived a man who had once held a civil appointment, but who was now a pettifogging lawyer's scribe, in the truest sense of the word. He had taken up his residence here, on the expiration of the term of imprisonment to which he was sentenced for peculation in his office, and now maintained himself by doing such writing as people would intrust to a man of damaged character.

Sprösser—such was his name—was tired of brooding over the causes of his misfortunes, as he called them, and which he never thought of ascribing to himself. The craving for change and refreshment, and for the diversion of his painful thoughts, he endeavoured to appease among companions where he was not ashamed to show his face, nay, even among whom he was treated with a certain degree of respect: among dissolute fathers of families, law clerks, and bankrupt tradespeople, where every one could find, in the misery and disgrace of the others, some consolation for himself.

Such was Bertha's father. In order that a correct idea may be obtained of her mother, I must go back to her grandmother. She was at one time a handsome, proud peasant maiden—a real

heiress, the pride of her native village, wooed by the millers, the peasant-farmers, and all the rich swains in the neighbourhood. Into the midst of all these wooers, from amongst whom the lovely Annamarie was not able to make a choice, suddenly stepped young Dorn, a well-educated young man, who had come into the neighbourhood with the intention of settling down as a farmer. A large sum of money had already been spent in the vain endeavour to fit him for various professions, and last of all he had determined to devote himself to agriculture. He was a handsome man; wore a Polish coat, and a great black beard; and he had easy, agreeable manners, which made him a welcome guest in every circle.

In wooing Annamarie, it was not merely for outward, worldly motives; he found a real pleasure in the society of the handsome, fresh young village maiden, and an infinite enjoyment in driving all her wealthy country lovers out of the field, as well as great pleasure in making her figure in all his ideal plans. Nothing appeared impossible to him. He married her; she was a discreet girl, and assured him that "she also was very fond of reading." He therefore read aloud to her every evening in Schiller, no way annoyed by her as regularly falling fast asleep; nevertheless, she told the clergyman's wife that her husband read to her a beautiful story called *Charles Moor*: one could not tell whether one ought to laugh or cry over it, and perhaps it was not true. In awhile he left off reading aloud; he preferred reading to himself, and recommended her to do the same. He gave her Körner's works, and rejoiced for a whole half year because he once saw her sitting with the book in her hand.

"What interesting work are you reading, Mrs. Dorn?" asked the clergyman, who entered also one day, and found her thus employed; "what author have you there?"

"*The Life*," replied she with great decision.

"*The Life*?" asked the clergyman, and took the book out of her hand. Yes; the *Life* of Theodore Körner headed the two first pages, and beyond that the young woman had not read.

Her husband gave up his attempts to cultivate the mind of Annamarie, and left her to rule and reign in house and farm-yard. There was her element, and in it she was incomparable. The practical intuition of the wife frequently brought to a successful issue that which his theoretical wisdom had nearly ruined. If he endeavoured to hide her deficiencies in society, where, however, she was but very rarely found, she on her part helped him out of many a dilemma, and saved him from the ridicule of his clownish neighbours, by whom his farming blunders, had they been known, would never have been forgotten. In all matters of agricultural experience and management, she was far cleverer than he. In the early spring-time, when he breathed the flowers, and fetched out his Uhland and Körner to luxuriate in their songs of the spring, she thought only of dressing the land for the summer crops. On one occasion, when he went out to look after his workpeople, and by way of amusement carried with him his guitar, walking up and down

the field like a Troubadour, he found his wife with her apron on, not merely standing among the people, but actually working with them, not as an Idyllian shepherdess, but as an active qualified labourer.

For the rest, she respected his learning, and he her practical skill; the one dovetailed cleverly into the other, each taking quietly that which they did best, and thus theirs was a peaceable marriage, as is that of so many where each follow their own way, without aiming at anything more. The one cementing bond, which also, when it exists, equalizes the most varied degrees of culture, a common faith, was wanting in this case. The faith of her ancestors was not vitalized in her soul, and he had patched up for himself a sort of convenient student-religion which had still less vitality in it.

The fruit of this marriage was a son, who died young, and an only daughter, whom we afterwards find in such melancholy circumstances as Mrs. Sprösser. The father, who at times felt very painfully the deficiencies of his wife, resolved to perfect the daughter in all that the mother wanted, and to spare nothing in her education. A French *bonne* was therefore established in the house, as soon as the child could read. This was most inconvenient to the mother, who, spite of her shouting to *mademoiselle* as though she were deaf, could not make her understand a single syllable, nor yet understand her in turn. She left her, therefore, to her own course, and the little one and her *bonne* had their own peculiar domain in the house, into which, however, the father was admitted; but all the links which knit mother and child together were snapped by degrees, and the daughter grew up, from her earliest years, wholly foreign to the duties and interests of her father's house. The same also with regard to her pleasures; for the French *bonne* had no feeling for the simple enjoyments of the country, and therefore did not open the heart and understanding of her pupil towards them. As often as possible they went to the town, and frequented the theatre and concerts; and when, in her seventeenth year, she returned home from the French boarding-school, where her education was completed, it almost puzzled her good mother to know whether in truth it really was her own daughter, whilst Caroline herself felt it a kind of condescension to afford her mother the simplest filial recognition. The mother bustled about, and worked in the lower rooms of the house, in the sweat of her brow, cooking for the labouring men, and doing the work of the maids when they were out in the fields; whilst above sat her daughter, in rooms shaded with painted blinds, passing her time over her books, her music, her embroidery, unless the repose of the country-house was broken by visitors from the town. Then, again, the mother ran hither and thither, providing for the entertainment of the guests; then it was, "Mamma, you'll let us have coffee early, and make it very strong, but without chicory; and mamma, let the *goûte* be carried into the arbour, and let Lina churn us fresh butter, and Johan come back early from the fields, that he may drive my friends home."

Thus did the daughter issue her wishes and com-

mands, without any idea that she was transforming her mother into a servant—she who in love ought to have served her mother.

Caroline, as regarded the intellect, was not ill taught, neither had she a bad disposition; but she had been accustomed all her life long to be her own centre; excepting with respect to her lessons, which she still continued by herself, she had never been accustomed to an imperative *must*; and her powers had never been exercised, either in the earnest fulfilment of duty, nor yet in the service of affection.

The mother had often painful experience of this, though without becoming very clear on the subject herself; she had never felt the separation from her husband so severely as she did the gulf which sundered her from her child. In this silent grief of the heart, of which nobody had any idea, she sought for consolation from Him who knows no difference in cultivation, who reveals to the simple what he conceals from the wise and prudent; and she found it. This might have been a new bond between herself and her child's heart; but she knew not how and when to rivet it: still, the heart-felt admonitions which she now and then found courage to address to her, Caroline received with tolerable patience and equanimity. It was easy to read in her handsome countenance, "One must let the good lady speak her mind."

Thus Caroline remained a guest in her father's house, and, like all selfish natures, she was never satisfied, spite of all the sacrifices which were made for her. The business of the farm was an abomination to her; a life such as her mother led appeared most repugnant to her; for it was evident to her that the wife of a farmer could not by any means act the lady so well as his daughter. She accepted, therefore, the hand of Mr. Sprösser, a man who, after having led a luxurious bachelor's life, condescended to a marriage which gave him the prospect of enjoying all kind of comforts with a pretty young wife.

Not even this occurrence could lead the daughter to the mother's heart; it is true that the mother was taken into the family council on the subject, but her opinion had little weight. "He is a very clean man," she said, "and stands a good height; but I have never seen him at church. Do you really know, Caroline, whether he is one who, with an honest heart, will help you on your way to heaven?"

"I am easy on that head, mamma," said Caroline, with great decision; "and as to church-going, you must never make it the measure of true piety: there is a religious experience which stands much higher than church-going."

"But I mean," again began the mother, with a certain degree of timidity, "that a man holding a public situation ought to attend church regularly, were it merely for the sake of good example—"

"Ferdinand would never go to church out of mere concession to public opinion," continued Caroline; "that would be a species of desecration."

The mother did not quite understand her daughter, and preferred, therefore, to make no reply. In short, the wedding was fixed; Mr. Sprösser was

exceedingly polite to his mother-in-law elect—so polite that she almost felt angry with him, she herself did not know why; and for that reason she always gave him short, dry answers. He brought her a present of a coloured silk dress, and Caroline made her a blonde cap for the wedding, and with this they thought that all duties towards “the good lady” were certainly fulfilled. She in the meantime scarcely enjoyed any rest, and day and night were occupied between prices of linen and needlewomen, whilst she was often deeply mortified by finding that her carefully hoarded treasures were frequently considered neither fine enough nor handsome enough for the young people’s acceptance. That they should buy sofas and chairs from a furniture warehouse, when they had no chance of knowing how the things were made, instead of having proper workmen in the house, and seeing all made under their own eyes, was very distressing to her; but she took these new griefs where she had already taken others much greater, and sorrowed in silence.

On the wedding morning, her maternal heart was too full for silent endurance, and she stole to her daughter’s chamber. Just for once she desired to pray with her child. The chamber was empty; Caroline was in the summer-house; the perfumed wedding-dress, with the veil and myrtle wreath, lay in picturesque elegance on the bed; on the little table by the window lay an open prayer-book; the mother glanced at it, and *Prière d’une jeune Mariée* stood at the head of the page. This was French. She could not even for this once pray with her child. She burst into tears; and yet she was one of those who very rarely shed tears. Caroline entered, astonished and terrified. “What is amiss, mother?”

“Ah, Caroline, say only this once the Lord’s Prayer with me: you can say that in German!”

Caroline prayed with her and wept with her, and she had for the first time an idea of what a mother’s heart is, even though not expressed in poetry. And yet even now might that sentimental young lady, whose feelings had been cultivated in the Institute, and who kept a diary in which was noted down sentiment tender enough to print in an album, have understood what passed in the soul of her simple mother.

The mother experienced a deep joy when a little grandchild was born to her. A monthly nurse was engaged; but the mother knew no rest as the time of the great event approached. “I am busy, but you can go to town to-day,” said she to her husband almost every day during the last week; and he spared her the trouble of saying it twice. And when, late one evening, he brought her the news that a grandchild would soon make its appearance, she rose up without delay. “The horses are tired,” she said; “I shall go there on foot; the people all know what they have to do to-morrow;” and she bravely walked to the town through the dead of night.

During this night Caroline knew what it was to become a mother, and from henceforth her feeling towards her own mother was different. She was once deeply cut to the heart when her mother said to her, “You will now let me very often have the child with me, will you not? You know I cannot

do it any harm during the first years; later, when it has to be educated, I know very well that I cannot have it.”

The kind old grandmother now herself felt that during the earlier years of her own child’s life she had always been too busy even to rejoice much over it, and thereby had neglected to cherish the deep mutual love which otherwise might have outlasted in the daughter the period of mental cultivation. She, however, richly made amends in the person of the little grand-daughter for all her former shortcomings. Now that she was come, she had always plenty of time to dandle her, to carry her about and drive her home with her, the daughter only putting in a protest against the quantities of sweet-bread with which the child was crammed. It was the happiest day the grandmother had known, since her own bridal morning, when little Bertha stretched forth her arms from her mother towards her, and cried, “Gran-ma!”

The married life of the daughter, spite of the sentimental diary that preceded it, could boast of but little poetry. Sprösser was a thoroughly dissipated man of the world; he spent the required number of hours in each day at his office, and the evenings at his club; he came, however, punctually home to dinner and supper, and lived outwardly a regular life; he dined regularly at home, unless the dinner was ill cooked or not to his liking, when he left it and compensated himself at an hotel. This latter circumstance occurred not unfrequently, for Caroline, before her marriage, had troubled herself very little about cookery and housekeeping, assuring herself that she could at any time learn all that was necessary from some of the many works which treat of those subjects, and which describe to the minutest particular all that is needful to make either a husband or a family happy. Her mother had besought of her to take lessons in practical housekeeping before she left her home; but when she saw her daughter enter the kitchen in gloves and a smart French apron, looped up with bows, and when she required every moment a servant to wait upon her, she was glad at heart to see her fine-lady daughter retire, and leave her alone in the kitchen. After these first unsuccessful attempts, Caroline’s domestic accomplishments were restricted to making coffee in the parlour for her father and herself, whilst her mother took her breakfast in the kitchen with the domestics.

Caroline’s husband did not, however, take things so quietly as her mother had done, nor would he lay all the blame of a bad dinner upon the cook. Caroline loved peace; and when, one day, a goose came to table which was not half done, and he in anger threw it out of the window, and then, instead of remaining to dry her tears, set off with a hunting-party, she determined to turn over a new leaf, and to study henceforth her handsomely-bound cookery-book more industriously than her French novels.

Such stormy scenes as these, however, were not of very frequent occurrence; for both husband and wife preferred, at all events, outwardly amicable relations, but neither of them went really to the ground of the matter; they did not, as it were,

pluck up the weeds by the root, but simply cleared them from the surface, and then sowed summer plants in the soil. Such tillage cannot yield a good harvest.

[To be continued.]

PERILS AMONG THE ICE.

In the beginning of May, 1814, we entered with the ship "Esk," of Whitby, a spacious opening of the ice, in latitude $78^{\circ} 10'$, longitude 4° east, to a distance of ten or twelve leagues from the exterior, wherein we were tempted to stay, from the appearance of a great number of whales. On the 9th of May, the ship became fixed in the ice, and, until the 16th, we lay immovable. A break of the bay-ice then appeared about half-a-mile from us, to attain which we laboured with energy, and, in eight hours, accomplished a passage for the ship. On the 20th, in attempting to advance, we endured a heavy pressure of the bay-ice, which shook the ship in an alarming manner. After a fatiguing effort in passing through the midst of an aggregation of floes against the wind, we reached a channel, which led us several miles to the south-eastward; and, on the 23rd, we lay at rest with four other ships. The day following, having sawn a place for the ship in a thin floe, we forced forward between two large masses, where bay-ice, unconsolidated, had been compressed till it had become ten or twelve feet thick. We were assisted by a hundred men from the accompanying ships, which followed close in our rear.

After applying all our mechanical powers during eight or nine hours, we passed the strait, of about a furlong in length, and immediately the ice collapsed, and riveted the ships of our companions to the spot. We advanced on various winding courses to the distance of several miles, and then discovered a continuation of the navigation between two immense sheets of ice, but the channel was so narrow and intricate, that, for the distance of near a mile, it did not appear more than from ten to twenty yards in width. The prospect was, indeed, appalling; but, perceiving indications of the enlargement of the passage rather than the contrary, we advanced under a press of sail, driving aside some disengaged lumps of ice that opposed us, and shortly accomplished our wishes in safety. Here an enlivening prospect presented itself; to the extreme limits of the horizon no interruption was visible. We made a predetermined signal to the ships we had left, indicative of our hope of speedy release. In two hours, however, we were disappointed by meeting the fields in the act of collapsing, and completely barring our progress. As the distance across was scarcely a mile, and the sea, to appearance, clear beyond it, the interruption was most tantalizing. We waited at the point of union, and, on the morning of the 26th of May, our anxiety was happily relieved by the wished-for division of the ice. The ship, propelled by a brisk wind, darted through the strait, and entered a sea, which we considered the termination of our difficulties.

After steering three hours to the south-eastward, we were concerned to discover our conclusions had been premature. An immense pack opened on our view, stretching directly across our path. There was no alternative but forcing through it; we therefore pushed forward into the least connected part. By availing ourselves of every advantage of sailing, where sailing was practicable, and *boring* or drifting where the pieces of ice lay close together, we at length reached the leeward part of a narrow channel, in which we had to ply a considerable distance against the wind. When performing this, the wind, which had hitherto blown a brisk breeze from the north, increased to a strong gale. The ship was placed in such a critical situation that we could not, for above an hour, accomplish any reduction of the sails; and while I was personally engaged performing the duty of a pilot on the topmast-head, the bending of the mast was so uncommon that I was seriously alarmed for its stability.

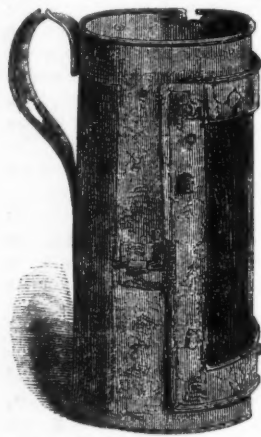
At length, we were enabled to reef our sails, and for some time proceeded with less danger. Our direction was now east, then north for several hours, then easterly, ten or fifteen miles; when, after eighteen hours of the most difficult and occasionally hazardous sailing, in which the ship received some hard blows from the ice, after pursuing a tedious course nearly ninety miles, and accomplishing a distance on a direct north-east course of about forty miles, we found ourselves at the very margin of the sea, separated only by a narrow sea-stream. The sea was so great without, and the wind so violent, that we durst not hazard an attempt to force through this remaining obstacle. After waiting about thirty hours, on the morning of the 28th of May, the weather cleared, and the wind abated. The sea-stream was now augmented to upwards of a mile broad. One place alone was visible where the breadth was less considerable, and through it we accomplished our final escape into the open sea.

I have thus been minute in the relation of our extrication from an alarming, though not very uncommon state of besetment, in order to give a faint idea of the difficulties and dangers which those engaged in the whale-fishery have occasionally to encounter, as well as to illustrate the manner in which ships are carried away from their original situation by the regularity of the drift of ice to the south-westward. The life of the mariner is one always of great labour and peril, but in navigating these arctic seas he is exposed to sudden and peculiar dangers.

It is possible that this narrative may be perused by some who look forward to exposure to dangers at sea. They surely will not deem it intrusive to be reminded that the most important preparation for such undertakings, as well as for the whole of life, is to seek the pardon and peace which those possess who know the Saviour. It is his blood only that cleanses from all sin; it is his Spirit that renews and sanctifies the mind; and whatever pain or accident may befall the body, the Christian is safe for time and for eternity.—*"The Arctic Regions,"* by Captain Scoresby.

VARIETIES.

GUY FAUX'S LANTERN.—We give a correct representation of the lantern which Guido Fawkes, or Guy Faux, had in his hand when seized in the vaults of old St. Stephen's. This historical relic is preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The



height of the lantern, (without the fluted top, which, with the candlestick, is now detached,) is about ten or eleven inches. The whole is of iron, very strongly made, and must have once been very heavy, though now in parts a good deal worn away by rust. Preserved in the same case is a facsimile of the celebrated letter to Lord Montegle, which led to the discovery of the popish plot. The original is in the State Paper Office in London. Riveted to the lantern, as shown in the sketch, is a brass plate, with the following inscription in Latin:—

"Lanterna illa ipsa quæ usus est cum quæ deprehensus Guido Faux in cryptâ subterraneâ ubi domo Parliamenti difflandi operam dabat. Ex dono Rob. Heywood, nuper Academiæ procuratoris. Apr. 4, 1641"—"The very lantern that was used by Guy Faux, and bearing which he was seized in the subterranean crypt, where he was attempting to blow up the house of parliament. It was given to the University, in 1641, by Robert Heywood, lately Proctor to the University." Although the special service in the Prayer-book has been lately abolished, the anniversary of the 5th of November will be kept up as long as English schoolboys exist. The modern plots and encroachments of Popery amongst us compel the constant remembrance of "the Gunpowder treason," which otherwise might have fallen into comparative oblivion, along with other dark events of past history.

STATISTICS OF POPULATION AND RELIGION.—The Director of the Statistical Bureau of Berlin furnishes the following curious statement:—"The population of the whole earth is estimated to be 1,288,000,000, viz.—Europe, 272,000,000; Asia, 755,000,000; Africa, 200,000,000; America, 59,000,000; and Australia, 2,000,000. The population of Europe is thus subdivided:—Russia contains 62,000,000; the Austrian States, 36,398,620; France, 36,039,364; Great Britain and Ireland, 27,488,853; Prussia, 17,089,407; Turkey, 18,740,000; Spain, 15,518,000; the Two Sicilies, 8,616,922; Sweden and Norway, 5,072,820; Sardinia, 4,976,034; Belgium, 4,607,066; Bavaria, 4,547,239; the Netherlands, 3,487,617; Portugal, 3,471,199; the Papal States, 3,100,000; Switzerland, 2,494,500; Denmark, 2,468,648. In Asia, the Chinese Empire contains 400,000,000; the East Indies, 171,000,000; the Indian Archipelago, 80,000,000; Japan, 35,000,000; Hindostan and Asiatic Turkey, each 15,000,000. In America, the United States are computed to contain 23,191,876; Brazil, 7,677,800; Mexico, 7,661,520. In the several nations of the earth there are 335,000,000 of Christians (of whom 170,000,000 are Papists, 89,000,000 Protestants, and 76,000,000 followers of the Greek Church). The number of Jews amounts to 5,000,000; of these 2,890,750 are in Europe, viz.:—1,250,000 in European Russia, 853,304 in Austria, 234,248 in Prussia; 192,176 in other parts of Germany, 62,470 in the Netherlands, 33,953 in Italy, 73,995 in France, 36,000 in Great Britain, and 70,000 in Turkey. The followers of various Asiatic religions are estimated at 600,000,000, Mahomedans at 160,000,000, and "Heathens" (the Gentiles proper) at 200,000,000.—*Bulletin.*

HUGGING THE POLE.—A horse having this vile habit I should strongly recommend others to sell, unless they were disposed to try a plan that I found effectually cure one of my own of the propensity. I drove him at wheel on the off-side; but, whichever side he was put, he "hugged the pole" the same. I had a piece of board, about ten inches in width, screwed to the off-side of the pole. On the off-side of this surface I nailed some strong green furze, clipping it till it did not project more than three inches on the side the horse went. I took care to give him a hole in the pole-piece, the same with the near side trace, and lengthened his coupling rein; so he had not occasion to approach the pole thus armed. This being merely a lesson to the horse, I took care to manage the drive so as only to have occasion to turn the carriage to the off-side during the lesson: as usual, he began or attempted hugging the pole, but he started from it as if a tarantula had stung him. I suppose in a few minutes the smarting went off, when he tried the same game, with the same result. I conclude the second application of the furze, acting on the first, produced increased effect, for it was a longer period before he transgressed again, and before my drive was finished he took especial care not to approach the pole. In no way expected a lesson or two would cure him; but ten days' driving effectually did, and afterwards it was somewhat laughable to see, if he forgot himself, or attempted pole-hugging, with what alacrity he jumped back into his proper place.—*Things worth knowing about Horses.*

SAILORS' YARNS.—It would scarcely be credited in the present day, the almost total want of anecdotal power, or the faculty of telling a story, which pervaded all hands. Not only was there little or no invention, but even repetition did not seem to improve the original fault of bad telling. The same anecdotes or stories were repeated over and over again, with little or no variation, and the listeners were like children, who, when once you have told them a story, do not like the smallest deviation, either in word or deed, from the original text. It is at once and for ever stereotyped into their brain. If I have heard the story of a distinguished admiral and the midshipman's pig once, I have heard it a thousand times. It seemed a never-failing source of amusement and interest. Never palling upon the ear, it never came *mal à propos*, whether at the festive board or in the watches of the night. A poor pig is supposed to have fallen overboard at sea by some mischance, but although the admiral and other officers are at the time walking the deck, it does not create the sensation that might be expected, simply because no one knows to whom the pig belongs. At this moment, when all are in doubt what amount of trouble should be devoted to save the life of a pig, the admiral's steward whispers in his ear, "admiral's pig." The whole scene is now changed, and every exertion made to save life. The ship is hove to, the boats are about to be lowered, the admiral is nearly frantic with excitement; and there is a tradition that in these few minutes of anxiety, he muttered audibly some very excellent moral reflections upon the uncertainty of life, and the vanity of earthly riches and honours. But the whisperer was again at his ear. Two words changed the whole scene—"midshipman's pig." In a moment the whole storm was allayed. In a clear and decided tone of voice orders were given, "Keep fast the boats, and make sail." The admiral retired to his cabin, muttering to himself, "Midshipman's pig! poor piggy must die."—*Reminiscences of the Royal Navy in the Good Old Times,* by Capt. Arch. Sinclair, R. N.

SILKWORKS.—One silkworm's line will sometimes measure as much as four hundred and four yards, and, when dry, not weigh more than three grains. From this a line, as spun by the worm, in weight sixteen ounces, or a pound, will be above five hundred miles in length; therefore, a silkworm's thread, to go round our globe (twenty-five thousand miles), would not weigh fifty pounds.